No Protestant Plot, Or, The Whigs Loyalty: With the *Doctor's* New Discovery.

To the Tune of, *Burton Houſe*, Or, *Londons Loyalty.*

Entred according to Order.

[I.]

HELLS reſtleſs Factious Agents ſtill Plot on,
And Eighty Three ſmells rank of Forty One;
The Royal *Martyrs* Foes purſue his Sons,
Who ſeek their Lives with Blunderbuſs and Guns:
The Infernal Regicides ſo inflam'd with Zeal,
Are for Killing King, and Duke, t' Erect a Common-weal;
This is the Dayly Trade and Practice of our Modern *Whiggs*,
Tho' they're always baffled in their Damn'd Intrigues.

[II.]

What! Ho! cryes *Titus*, riſe ye ſleepy Heads,
Unleſs you'l all be Murder'd in your Beds;
Fierce *Hannibal* of *France* is at your Gate,
Come Raſcals, Mutiny e're it is too late:
The *Spaniſh Pilgrims*, once hir'd to cut your Throats,
Are Landed now at *Milford Haven*, believe your Saviour *Oates*;
And the Horrid Popiſh Army, that were hid under Ground,
Are, I'le take my Oath, within a Trumpets Sound.

[III.]

See there, a Fighting Army in the Air!
But now it vaniſhes, and diſappears;
A *Spectre* told ſtrange Things to Honeſt *Beſs*,
Which much amaz'd the *Hatfield Propheteſs*:
I told 'em true at firſt, what Black Deſigns would be
Carry'd on againſt the King, and Royal *Albany*,
By the diſcontented *Whiggs*; but Rebel *Tony* ſince,
Made me contradict my former Evidence.

[IV.]

I've loſt my Swearing Trade, now by this Hand,
Muſt I be forc'd to ſtarve, or leave the Land;
My injur'd Prince has long ſince on me frown'd,
For *Perjuries* againſt his Life and Crown:
I'le follow *Rumbold*, *Wade*, *Nelthorp*, *Walcot*, *Hone*,
With that Cruel Blood-Hound *Burton*, who've all fled the Town;
For if I tarry here much longer, I harbour dreadful Fears,
That I ſhall be Hang'd, or forfeit both my Ears.

[V.]

Unparallel'd Aſſaſſines, that could dare
To attempt the Life of *Joves Vice-Gerent* here:
Of whom the Gods do take ſuch ſpecial care,
None ought to mutter Treaſon to the Air;
But cut-Throat Proteſtants may do any thing,
And Inform the *Roman-Catholicks* how to Murder Kings;
They take it in great Dudgeon to be equaliz'd for Villany,
Yet their Helliſh Crimes muſt paſs for Loyalty.

[VI.]

But thanks to Heaven, who did curb their Power,
And has preſerv'd us from that Fatal Hour:
When Villains were to Maſſacre us all,
And *Noll's* Succeſſors to poſſeſs *White-hall*;
Rumſey has taken up *New-gate* for his Bower,
And the Lord *Ruſſel* is gone to fortifie the *Tower*:
Whilſt we that ſtand for Church and State, with gerat ſecurity can (Sing,
And Pray *Jove* to preſerve the Life of *Charles* our King.

F I N I S.

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